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ROMANCE AND DRAMA

IN THE

# Valley of Sunshine

BEING A STORY OF  
OLD PALMDALE



PUBLISHED BY THE

PALMDALE FRUITLAND COMPANY

319 American Bank Building, Spring and Second Streets  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA



ROMANCE AND DRAMA

IN THE

# Valley of Sunshine

Being a Story of  
OLD PALMDALE



Wm. C. Peterson

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By PALMDALE FRUITLAND COMPANY  
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FEB 18  
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Dedicated to  
**THE ANTELOPE VALLEY**  
By  
W. C. P.

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JAN 26 1914

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ROMANCE AND DRAMA

In the

# Valley of Sunshine

BEING A STORY OF  
OLD PALMDALE



## In the Kingdom of the Sun

(Antelope and Victor Valleys)

**F**ROM the hour the world was done,  
In the Kingdom of the Sun  
Ruled a monarch on a throne—  
Since our human race begun,  
He has ruled there all alone.

Upon his kingdom all the day,  
He smiles a broad benignant ray,  
That warms it through the night—  
To purling water melts away,  
The snow upon its height.

This monarch hung his glaring throne,  
High o'er the crest of rough Tejon,  
Since cycles ending never;  
Then flinging far his shaft of light,  
Thy sands lay warm beneath its flight—  
Mojave's gleaming river!

Toward the red Land of Mañana  
Thence he drove the tramontana,  
Mists like those of high Ben Nevis—  
But he left the "Santa Ana,"  
In the vale of Chimahuevis,  
Left old Boreas with his bellows,  
In the vale of Los Gaceles.

In this land of Los Gaceles  
Regnant sunshine and good fellows,  
Mankind, smiling down his fears,  
Never ages, only mellows,  
Through the passing of the years.

Therefore all who love the sunlight,  
All who love the mellow moonlight,  
And the friendly gleaming starlight,  
Homes await you every one,  
In our Kingdom of the Sun.

# The Valley of Sunshine

## PART ONE

**M**ANY years ago, in the old Mormon settlement of San Bernardino, there lived a physician—Dr. Wozencraft. He was known as a dreamer, even as, before him, Christopher Columbus was a dreamer. But for Dr. Wozencraft there was no Isabella; so he got no farther with his dream than in his mind's eye to have pictured the chocolate waters of the Colorado river painting green the gray Colorado desert.

People laughed at him and his dream—until death ended both the dreamer and the unkind laughter—and only a few of the “old timers” of San Bernardino and of Riverside, now remember the man and his mania. But when a generation of years had turned the good old Doctor into dust and his memory into mist, the new race produced new dreamers, and they did the very thing in which he failed to interest the men of his day—they turned the chocolate waters of the Colorado river onto the gray Colorado desert until no longer it was a desert, but it became the green Imperial valley instead. The world knows the rest, but not many know of the dead dreamer and his disappointment—and the romance of justice had been realized were the name, now Imperial, spelled Wozencraft.

And this Imperial valley—13 years ago it was the scorn of the “tenderfoot,” the malediction of the prospector, and the doubt of the old timer. Then the waters were turned in from the Colorado river, and after a little while the government of the United States, in the person of men of book learning, condemned the Imperial valley project as an alkali delusion. The next year the government softened the condemnation; and within ten years afterwards the state of California annihilated it by establishing there a new county, that now has a population of 30,000, and is one of the heaviest contributors to the commercial welfare of Los Angeles.

In southern California there is another land, known as the Mojave desert, greater even than the Colorado. Over its weary length and through its Valley of Death for over half a century has wound the "Mormon trail," ending in the valley of the Santa Ana, at San Bernardino. Stretching from another great stream of the desert, the Mojave river, and extending westwardly to the Coast Range mountains at the Tejon pass, lies that other great valley likewise until now so little known or understood—Antelope valley. And also it has had its dreamers, and these too, awakened in disappointment. But as these dreamers still are with us in this land of little better than dreams at best, we should not thrust upon them by name the embarrassment of notoriety. Twenty or thirty years ago they laid foundations so well that others now in our days are building upon them—are dreaming the same dreams—and now you who read are to be witnesses to an awakening like that on which shines the risen sun of—Imperial valley.

And out of this past of the Antelope valley has come Lancaster, and Littlerock and Palmdale. Lancaster lies in the dairying section of the valley, and in their own way and time its people will write its story. Littlerock and Palmdale are the cream of the fruit section; and the past and present of each are so interwoven that their stories run together in the narrative.

## The Valley of Sunshine

### P A R T T W O

How many who look upon the great mountain wall just beyond Pasadena, know what lies behind it? From the level of the Pacific ocean about 30 miles away, this Sierra Madre range rises two miles straight to Heaven. To reach the other side we go by Southern Pacific railway up Soledad (solitude) canyon, starting from Los Angeles at about 250 feet of altitude. In some three hours we have climbed to the summit at Vincent, 3,210 feet up in the air. Then for about six miles we descend to the foothill slope of the northerly side of the gigantic Sierra Madre. Here,

at 2,657 feet of altitude we are out of the mountains at the gateway of—Antelope valley: for that is what lies over the mountain wall from Pasadena. And the gateway is Palmdale.

But this grim mountain wall behind Pasadena is not all there is to the Sierra Madre range. Behind this frontal barrier are heathery spurs, gaunt ridges, and noble peaks; wild canyons, boisterous streams and low forests—and these extend for two days' weary travel of man-a-foot, some forty miles of winding course. And the way of man between and over these superb eminences is sprinkled here and there with deer, mountain lions, lynx, wild cats, flying squirrels, mountain quail—and many other denizens of the Kingdom of the Wild.

As from Palmdale we strain our poor human eyes over the vastness of the 640,000 acres of valley below and around us, few of us of today know what close companions here have been romance and tragedy. Along this foothill region—60 miles of it from east to west—in earlier times ran the old Fort Tejon stage line from San Bernardino to the Government fort in the renowned Tejon pass; thence onward to Bakersfield, and by relays to Yerba Buena—the place that is now called San Francisco. And in the early seventies of the last century, over this road where the plains and mountains meet, from Elizabeth lake to Big Rock creek, the notorious bandit, Vasquez, and his bloody lieutenant, Chaves, dodged the sheriffs of five counties. Here, in those days antelopes were as common as are cattle today; and bears prowled down from the mountains.

Beginning 30 years ago settlers came to these vast plains of yucca palms, bunch grass, and gray sage brush. That was before the day of the gasoline engine and pumping plant. The hand dug wells watered the mouth of the settler, but gave him no crops—and soon the settler surrendered these gray acres back to the jack rabbit and the lean coyote.

But the beautiful springtime streams of Littlerock creek and El Rio del Llano—the river of the plain—(now Big Rock creek), tempted the pioneer to another trial, some 23 years ago.

At Littlerock, on the east bank of the creek, an irrigation district was formed under the Wright Act,

and some 2,000 acres were planted to almonds and prunes—the fortunes of the planters were staked on the venture. If it should fail, so should they. Almonds were selected because they, and olives as well, are found growing native and wild in those foothills—and nowhere else in North America.

But these domestic trees bloomed too early in such a high altitude, and the cold lingered too late, so that in every two years out of three the blossoms were frozen and the trees bore no crops. And again these other pioneers gave back to the jack rabbit and the coyote this ancient gray estate of their kind, which man so little understood.

But doubtless man might have kept on trying had not the discouragement of water litigation arisen about this time; and, also, but worse than that, and greatest shadow of all those that ever fell over these sweeping acres, was the litigation that started then between the government and the Southern Pacific; and this raged for 20 years with unusual bitterness. Before the war the government had granted each alternate section of these lands in aid of building the Pacific railways, and now sought to reclaim them as not having come under the terms of the grant. And only in February of 1912 was the litigation settled in favor of the Southern Pacific by the supreme court of the United States, which nearly 24 years previously had taken this land away from the railroad company, and had given it to the government—and now at last it is open again to the ventures of man.

But here it should be observed that the Antelope valley is not a poor man's land. During the time of its early settlement many of those who could not pay so high a price as that obtaining on the coast, made the mistake of going into the Antelope valley where the settler who must improve from the ground up—clear, plow, set out trees or alfalfa and water them with the aid of a deep well and pumping plant—ought to have a cash capital of at least \$3,000 after buying his land. But these people did not know this. They found it out a little later on, and soon the rabbits and coyotes resumed possession. And still later they were followed away by most of those at Littlerock who had misplanted prunes and almonds.

A little before this the settlement at "old Palmdale" had lost its water rights at law with Littlerock, and these settlers also drifted away.

Those who had bought from the railroad company found the government claiming their lands. While others who undertook to settle on government land were told that the railroad company claimed it. And all of these gave up in disgust—so that for 20 years it seemed an interdict of man and Nature had flung its blighting shadow over the valley.

Those who, from one of these causes or other, had been forced out, carried with them unpleasant memories of the place of their loss. Now, when we consider that "the bad we do lives after us, but the good is oft interred with our bones"—that the rattlesnake strikes in fury at the stick that wounds him, and not at the hand that yields the stick—we cannot wonder that disappointed man gave no good repute to a land that, not understanding, he had misused. He tried to grow prunes and almonds that nature never intended should grow in those altitudes; he tried to wish water up from the ground, or down from the heavens, without the aid of deep wells and pumping plants, or large storage reservoirs; he found he could neither borrow on, nor sell, lands claimed both by the government and the railroad company, and neither of whom could give him title for over 20 years. And all of these had been enough to drive Adam and Eve from even the garden of Eden without the aid of a fierce angel with a flaming sword.

While this dissertation mainly pertains to the south foothill belt—where lie Palmdale and Littlerock—and Big rock, yet another neighborly reference to the middle belt—the "Langster" country—may not be out of place. Those who *must* grow alfalfa with which to fill either cattle or box cars—should go to the Lancaster country. There live the real "punkin time" farmers, who have a monopoly of the dairying business. One advertising genius has called this section "the milk bottle of Los Angeles"; some day it will be the "chicken coop" and the "meat shop" as well. But as elsewhere, those who would make a success here must take thrift and brains along with dollars.

But now narrowing our story down to Palmdale and Littlerock—a few of the old settlers stayed behind at the latter place, and grinned and bore it. Before he had fled from impending starvation, someone at Littlerock had planted a few pear and apple trees, about an acre—doubtless working at it amid the scornful laughter of his neighbor over the fence who was planting prunes and almonds. But in due time these few trees of pears and apples began to bear under the care of the several families who remained behind. But how, for so long, they kept the secret we shall presently refer to, seems rather strange, for it is known that there were women folks among them. However, finally in 1909 it got out that the pear trees planted 17 years before had been giving enormous returns, and in that year had yielded at the rate of \$2,000 an acre, gross. But the cat once out of the bag, soon it became a matter of general knowledge in that region that the 6 year old pear and apple orchards began their production by paying expenses in the fifth year and thereafter yearly increasing to \$100, \$200, \$800 and as high as \$2,000 per acre, as above stated. We are told that recently there was a refusal of \$750 an acre for a 7 year old pear orchard at Littlerock; and that two sales were made at \$1,000 and \$1,100 per acre, respectively, for older trees. But at Littlerock the land is limited by a water supply that cannot cover more than 3,000 acres within the irrigation district—but for those acres there is an abundance. These orchards at Littlerock are a wonderful sight of green leaves and luscious fruit, amid the vastness of ashen gray sage, and ghostly yucca palms. Littlerock gets its water from the creek at the place where old Vasquez had his camp 40 years ago.

The Palmdale country begins on the westerly side of the creek, and continues thence to the railroad, eight miles away; and the water likewise comes from Littlerock creek, for Littlerock and the new Palmdale by contract have apportioned the waters of the creek between them according to their just rights—and there is an abundance for both.

Now we turn to Palmdale. When, some 15 or 20 years ago, the jack rabbits and the coyotes along the foothill slopes got back their land, Palmdale had

a depot and some new board houses—and hopes. But soon the two former alone held out. Sometime later the "Big Horn" mine, 30 miles away, hauled its ore to Palmdale for shipment. This gave the place a new stable and bunk house. Then two mills were erected to grind gypsum mined in the neighboring hills—several more wooden buildings.

Pretty soon the gypsum beds petered out, and the mills shut down—but here Littlerock and its pear and apple crops stepped into the breach, and averted another period of stagnation—for, the year after the mills had closed, Littlerock shipped from the weather-worn depot at Palmdale, 26 car loads of fruit, mostly pears.

## The Valley of Sunshine

### PART THREE

After others had blazed the trail and shown the way, the outside discovery respecting pear profits, begot a situation as exciting, almost, to the few who know, as the discovery of gold. And capital, which usually deals in proven ground, concluded that what Littlerock could do and be, on one side of the creek, Palmdale could duplicate on the other. And so capital got to work to prove its faith by its performance. In Littlerock creek it built a re-inforced canal, sufficient in size to carry out 10,000 inches of water. This leads out of the creek bed to the mesa above. From there, by tunnels, flumes and earthwork, the water was carried eight miles westerly to an old lake at Alpine or Harold—a spot in which for ages, lake and dry lake bed had alternated.

The ancient lake bed was filled to a depth of 21 feet—in 1913. At its best depth it has a capacity of about 5500 acre feet, sufficient for 5000 acres of orchard land. This storage is to be supplemented by several reservoirs in the canyon, with an additional capacity of upward of 7000 acre feet. The surveys and estimates for these have been under way for some time, and now are about completed, including a contour survey of all the lands about Palmdale to be irrigated from a proposed concrete distributing

system—the first section of which will cover some 2500 acres.

A pumping plant was installed at Palmdale, which supplies an abundance of excellent water for domestic purposes, from a depth of 400 feet. Cement sidewalks were laid, street trees set out, and about 150 acres of pear and apple trees planted—in the late spring of 1913. And these improvements are a strange contrast to the still standing shanties of the old Palmdale of Vasquez, of the pioneers, and of the mining days—for the old times and their mementoes die hard, after all. But hardest of all at Palmdale to die, was the long-eared jack rabbit. Part of the new orchards were rabbit fenced against the hunger of this lean depredator. But the few orchards that were left unprotected quickly had to be put under fence, and now must grow their leafy tops all over again. But the plantings turned out a complete success, so that today the traveller, in the Palmdale of now, may see Littlerock as it started out years ago; and in the Littlerock of today, he may see Palmdale as it will be 5 and 6 years hence—a beautiful vision of broad green orchards of pear and apple trees, where even now the tourist, whizzing by in a passenger train, looks and wonders a brief moment at the dust gray acres of sage, at the threatening aspect of the wierd and wraithy yucca palms, and at the few weather and time beaten houses of Palmdale—but now a little wider-eyed still, at the audacity that has put here cement sidewalks, street trees and orchards. And maybe this same tourist knows nothing better at home than timothy and corn and hogs, at \$15 per acre per year. And in ignorant superiority he takes a fleeting and contemptuous glance toward the Little-rock of today in the dim distance, or at the Little-rock of tomorrow—there at Palmdale, with orchards in being and in prospect from which a fortune will come every bearing year,—a fortune that tourist may never know.

Forty years ago, upon plains that bear a remarkable likeness to these of Palmdale, a set of dreamers started a colony called Riverside—its purpose was to produce silk. But things did not go well in silk, and various experiments were made, until, pretty much by chance, as pears and apples were started at Little-

rock, some one put out orange trees. About this time a traveling correspondent of a San Francisco newspaper came along, and wrote to his paper that on the wind-swept plains westerly from the Santa Ana river, a parcel of deluded tenderfeet from the East were trying to found a colony; and a note of pity—the presumptuous pity of superior ignorance—sounded through his narrative. Then he went his way and forgot these poor fools. And others who read what he had written, pitied a moment, and then hunted up the latest reports from the Comstock gambling dens. And even the good old Mormon neighbors across the river at San Bernardino looked over toward the Jurupa plains in pity at this Riverside, and expected soon to have to build a poor house. But the people of Riverside were men of the type that fought the civil war—and even though at times the sticking was hard, they stuck. And today Riverside is without a rival as the most beautiful spot created by the hand and brain of man. And yet its original purpose failed, for its silk culture had passed away from among the dreams of men; and law suits over land titles and water rights nearly wrecked it several times—just as the almond and prune colony of Littlerock failed. And Riverside, otherwise modified, may live its days over again in the Palmdale of a few years hence.

In the early days of Imperial there were wiseacres who stood off at a distance, and struck a pose and expression first of scorn, then of amusement—of wise doubt—of masked interest; then came the gradually unbending in stealthy looks; and in eavesdropping for pointers. Then the wiseacres could stand it no longer, but broke and ran for Imperial valley—but, thank Heaven! they got there too late. Men who knew already were on the ground, and the wiseacres paid their price. So that presumptuous ignorance is costly after all. But this tribe of wiseacres never dies out, and today they who never have seen it, know more about the Antelope valley than does the Almighty who shaped it; than do the people of Littlerock, who adorned and redeemed it; more than the people of Palmdale and Lancaster, who are making it great; more than all of these together, who here are laying out a future county, whose orchards promise more than do the gardens of Hesperides on the coastward

slope of the Sierra Madre. But although the wise-acre finally made a costly landing amid the homes of the Imperial valley, there is no such place of repose for him in the Antelope valley, for the people there are too busy with their improvements, to afford time to protect him from the jack rabbits which, being fenced out of the orchards, must feed on something.

In the summertime the climate is like that of the San Fernando valley. During a day of unusual heat in Los Angeles in 1913, the thermometer recorded 108 degrees and 109 degrees on the tops of high buildings, and as high as 112 degrees on the streets. At Palmdale the thermometer recorded 110 degrees.

The very dry atmosphere prevailing in those altitudes—from 2300 feet in the lowest places in the valley to 10,080 feet on “Old Baldy”—enable men to endure the hottest summer days without discomfort.

In the afternoon a pleasant breeze blows gently over the south foothill region from the westerly lying Coast Range mountains, doubtless coming from the ocean just beyond.

The same winds prevail in the valley as are typical of the “plains” throughout the world—the same as swept over the Riverside and Corona mesas before they were grown up to orchards—not as bad, in our opinion, as those which even now are found in season in many parts of the south side of the mountains in Los Angeles and San Bernardino counties. In other words: we have the usual seasonal winds that prevail throughout Southern California—but these are noticed less where the orchards have grown into effective wind breaks.

In the winter time the valley has cold weather. Snow has been known to cover the entire area from the Sierra Madres to the Tehachapis. That is why the region is unexcelled in Southern California for the production of pears and apples.

Generally, however, the snowfall is confined to the nearby mountains. Here is where the valley gets its water. It is too cold for citrus fruits—oftentimes the thermometer going down to 20 degrees and sometimes to and below 15 degrees. But it is not usual for it to go below 20 degrees.

On account of the high, dry climate, many persons resort to the valley for ailments of the lungs and throat—consumption, asthma, catarrh, and the like—and even rheumatism. These are said to derive distinctive benefit. And why not—it is no colder here—it is less cold—than similar altitudes in Colorado and New Mexico to which the ailing resort for relief and cure.

## The Valley of Sunshine

### P A R T F O U R

In five years from the present, December, 1913, if the valley shall make the progress it has made within the last two years, it is certain that this vast plateau will be ready for a separate county government, whose area will probably extend from the Tejon pass on the west to the Mojave river on the east, and, even, to the Colorado river; and from the Sierra Madre mountains on the south to the Tehachapi range and the Inyo county line on the north. This would put the entire "desert country" into one county, a region which now has an approximate population of 8,000 people. This is more than Inyo county has at present, and more, also, than had twelve other California counties in 1900.

At the present time, this area, more than anything else lacks capital for its development. Now the tendency is for capital to seek investment in the city. A great proportion of those who advertise money to loan, provide that only city security will be accepted.

As a matter of fact, there is no security in Southern California so safe as that of land with sufficient water; for the value of such property is not lessened nor interfered with by panics, strikes, rioting, extended conflagration and many other conditions peculiar to city life.

The security of city property depends largely upon the prevalence of good business conditions. When this slackens vacant houses and slow rentals result.

The tendency of civilization is back to country life, and makes for the disintegration of large populations. The automobile is bringing about this condition more

quickly than any other agency, as by its use the business man of the city may live on a farm miles away from the place of his business, and may come and go each day by automobile, maintaining his home and his family amid the more healthful conditions of the country.

Therefore, it seems to be an unwise policy on the part of those who loan large sums of money, to neglect the country district for the benefit of the city. If the money lender will assist in building up the country the growth of the city will be more substantial. And with special reference to the Antelope Valley: here is a region as large as the Imperial valley, and, fully as productive. Higher priced crops are raised here and more capital is required, as the products of the soil in a large part are those that require years of waiting before the orchards become money-makers. But when they do come to production on a paying basis, from about the fifth or sixth year onward, the pear and apple orchards of the higher lands of the valley constitute the most productive form of horticultural industry. And here, we venture to assert that they will exceed in sureness the production and profit of the famous orange groves of the counties of the south side of the mountain range.

In the completion of the Panama Canal a comparatively quick and safe method of transportation to the markets of Great Britain will be available for the famous pear crops of the valley slopes. As is the case with the orange industry of Southern California, the area capable of producing superfine pears and apples is limited first, by climatic conditions, secondly by water, and thirdly, by soil. Only the altitude in excess of 2,000 feet, preferably from 2,500 to 3,000 feet for pears and above that for apples, furnishes the best conditions for the production of these fruits in Southern California. Such lands are quite as limited as are those of the citrus districts, so it does not seem that the home market will ever be seriously overloaded. Especially when we consider the enormous growth in population in prospect for Southern California in particular, and for all of California in general, within the next few years—when the Panama Canal shall have been opened to commerce and immigration.

We wish now to lay down the proposition, with all the emphasis we may put into print, that there is no better horticultural investment in Southern California, nor in the world, than a pear or apple orchard at a proper location in the Antelope Valley. That the best location is on the south slope of the valley, or the north side of the Sierra Madre range, extending from the Elizabeth lake country to the Big rock country (we omit consideration of the Mojave river, or Victor valley country, as, properly, it is not a part of the Antelope valley).

Any good piece of land within these limits, at an altitude of 2,500 feet or higher, and with sufficient water—say, one acre foot per acre per annum—is easily worth a minimum price of \$200 per acre, unimproved—if not too far from the railroad.

The water system of the Palmdale Water Company as at present planned, easily will take care of at least 5,000 acres surrounding Palmdale; and we understand this company has so outlined its operations as to be well within the limits of safety. However, the state Railroad Commission has authority to limit the acreage our water companies shall undertake to irrigate, so there is little likelihood the limits of safety will be passed.

The Littlerock Creek Irrigation District has enough water with which to take care of 3,000 acres, the quantity of water approximating 1 inch to each 5 acres. This is probably the best water supply of any of the foothill colonies—although that of Palmdale is abundant.

In addition to this, the old wiseacres of the desert who have hauled water in barrels for years, now are being shown by the tenderfeet that all along plenty of water could have been obtained at a depth of about 150 feet, and even less, and could have been raised to the surface from a depth of about 70 feet or less, in a continuous stream of a minimum of about 15 inches and a mean maximum of 100 inches within an area beginning about where the distribution system of the Palmdale Water Company ends, and extending thence to Littlerock easterly, and even into Kern county on the north.

Slowly it is beginning to dawn upon those interested in the valley that it contains a vast underground lake

of water, coming nearest to the surface in the Lancaster country, and requiring pumping from a considerable depth as the mountains are approached.

The latest and highest well to be brought in is situated perhaps a half mile from the first uprise of foothills of the Sierra Madre mountains, between Palmdale and Littlerock. This well is approximately 150 feet deep, and a constant stream of 14 inches of water is pumped from a depth of about 70 feet. The expense of producing this water should vary from \$10 to \$15 per acre per annum, which is approximately the cost of water for orange groves on the foothill slopes of Los Angeles county. Pear and apple orchards will give as good returns as will orange groves and will require about half the water, and much less care. Hence it seems that it is time capital were turning its attention to the improvement of pear and apple orchards on the south foothill slopes of the Antelope valley.

The lands that are supplied with gravity water at Palmdale and Littlerock cost more to buy, but far less for water—\$6 per acre per year being the charge.

One thing cannot be repeated too often—the Antelope valley is not a poor man's country. Those who represented otherwise in the past, gave the valley a black eye, so that even yet portions of it look out upon the world from amidst a dark circle; and portions of the world, looking back, see only that darkness—and are wary. All of which is mindful of the pessimist looking at the doughnut and seeing only the hole—and going to bed hungry.

But here let us note the inevitable exception to the invariable rule—there is a class of people with intelligent persistency, and self-faith, able and willing to do any kind of work for the time being; forward looking and strong-willed and honest, who use their own time in minding their own business. Members of this class can start anywhere without money, for they are wanted everywhere—the world is out nights with lanterns looking for them, and it finds too few. This class will make a success without money-capital even in the Antelope valley—for they have character-capital, which is far better than that of metal.

But if persons with sufficient capital do not care to own and develope their own lands, there is nowhere in Los Angeles county a more profitable field for the money lender. The rate of interest ranges from 8 to 10 per cent, and if the lender will first assure himself that a given piece of land has sufficient water, is of good quality as to soil, and is rightly located as to altitude and climatic conditions; and, also, if he will make his loan in the way of an "improvement loan"—that is, as building loans are made in the city—in other words, will assure himself that the money he is loaning is largely put back into improvements upon the place, then it will be hard to see where his investment is less safe than a similar loan in the city. In fact, it is safer, as each year of growth makes the orchards more valuable, while the lapse of each year in the city brings only depreciation of the improvements. The appreciation of the country land will equal that of the city land, so the country loan ought really to be the safest.

If your nerves are worn to a ragged edge—go to the Antelope valley:—anywhere.

If rheumatism persecutes you; or asthma distresses you; or your lungs alarm you—go to the Antelope valley—either the north or south slope.

If you want to fill cattle with pumpkins or alfalfa—go to the Antelope valley—"Langster" country.

If you want to make from \$150 to \$800 per acre per year raising pears and apples, go to the Antelope valley—Palmdale and Littlerock.

If you want sunshine—the brightest the sun sends down to man; if you want starlight from the thickest gathering of the heavenly lamps of night that ever man's little eyes have seen assemble; if you want moonlight—the most liquid and mellow that ever mocked the noontide's glare—go to the Antelope valley—anywhere, but preferably to the higher slopes.

# TOMORROW

(In the Antelope Valley)

Over the gray  
Of yesterday  
Tomorrow's green shall grow,  
Where, dry and dead  
The grass is spread  
Shall the cooling water flow.

And the garden of God  
So long untrod,  
And so long misunderstood,  
At last shall bloom,  
In the sweet perfume,  
Of flowering vine and wood.

The silence old  
Of ages untold,  
Shall yield to the ringing song,  
Of the farmer's field,  
Of the orchard's yield,  
Of success that has waited long.

And into the Past,  
Oh, acres vast—  
Gray sage and yucca tree,  
Day by day  
You shall fade away,  
To ashes and memory.

Where was the gray  
Of yesterday,  
Tomorrow's green shall come,  
And here at last  
Shall the weary rest,  
And the wanderer find a home.





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